

The Critic

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Ballade of Aucassin.

Suggested by a ballade of 'The Fair White Feet of Nicolette.'

WHERE smooth the Southern waters run
Through sighing reeds and poplars gray,
Beneath a veiled soft Southern sun,
We wandered out of Yesterday;
Went Maying through that ancient May
Whose fallen flowers are fragrant yet,
And lingered by the fountain spray
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

The grassgrown paths are trod of none
Where through the woods they went astray;
The spider's traceries are spun
Across the darkling forest way;
There come no Knights that ride to slay,
No Pilgrims through the grasses wet,
No shepherd lads that sang their say
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

'Twas here that Nicolette begun
To build her lodge of blossoms gay;
'Scaped from the cell of marble dun
'Twas here the lover found the Fay;
O lovers fond, O foolish play!
How hard we find it to forget,
Who fain would dwell with them, as they
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

ENVOY.

Prince, 'tis a melancholy lay!
For Youth, for Life we both regret:
How fair they seem; how far away,
With Aucassin and Nicolette.

ANDREW LANG.

The Comparative Popularity of Authors.

NOT LONG AGO some of the foremost writers and thinkers of England were amusing themselves in making lists of books that ought to be read. The most famous list—Sir John Lubbock's 'The Best Hundred Books'—is amazing. Probably not one man in a thousand has read every book on this list; many have not read half of them. Simultaneously with the lists of 'best books' were published statistics from some of the English public libraries. These statistics of books most frequently borrowed were supposed to indicate what books are oftenest read. This seemed to me an unwarranted assumption, for it ignores the greatest body of readers—the book buyers. Of course some books that are bought are not read; but, on the other hand, many are read not only by the buyer but by his family and friends. To find out what books are most frequently bought, I obtained from a wholesale bookstore, whose trade extends over the northern half of the Mississippi Valley, figures giving the actual number of volumes sold, during the last five years, of the works of the authors named below. For convenience in making comparisons, the number of volumes sold of the

most popular author was made 1,000, and the amounts representing the sales of the other authors were reduced in proportion. It should be explained that the sales of the various cheap 'libraries' are not included, and the comparison is therefore unjust to the British novelists. The difference between these lists and that of Sir John Lubbock attracts one's attention at once; but the most striking difference is shown by two facts which do not appear in the figures below—namely, that two-thirds of the books on Sir John's list, if represented at all, must be represented by very small fractions, and that of at least one-third of them not a copy has been sold. American authors are included in the left-hand column, and British in the right.

PROSE FICTION.

E. P. Roe	1,000	Dickens	800
Mrs. Mary J. H. Holmes	342	Scott	232
Louisa M. Alcott	282	George Eliot	84
Harriet Beecher Stowe	122	Thackeray	74
May Agnes Fleming	110	Bulwer	66
Lew Wallace	100	R. L. Stevenson	40
Marion Harland	79	Wm. Black	12
Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth	61	R. D. Blackmore	10
A. W. Tourgee	54	Wilkie Collins	5
Fenimore Cooper	52	Charles Reade	4
Nathaniel Hawthorne	50	Fielding	2
Edward Eggleston	46	Richardson	0
Marion Crawford	41	Smollett	0
Helen Hunt Jackson	30		
Frances Hodgson Burnett	18		
G. W. Cable	14		
Frank R. Stockton	14		
W. D. Howells	14		
T. B. Aldrich	6		
Henry James	1		

POETRY.

Longfellow	335	Tennyson	272
Will Carleton	215	Shakspeare	242
Whittier	139	Owen Meredith	223
Bryant	28	Byron	117
Alice and Phoebe Cary	25	Scott	114
Bret Harte	22	Burns	103
Emerson	15	Moore	97
J. G. Saxe	15	Mrs. Browning	75
Benjamin F. Taylor	14	Milton	66
Lowell	13	Jean Ingelow	53
Holmes	10	Mrs. Hemans	47
Aldrich	8	Goldsmith	36
Bayard Taylor	6	Wordsworth	27
Poe	5	Shelley	23
Stedman	4	Pope	19
Whitman	2	Cowper	19
		Chaucer	19
		Hood	17
		Campbell	14
		Coleridge	12
		Robt. Browning	8
		Gray	3
		Spenser	2
		Swinburne	2
		Keats	1

HISTORY.

Prescott	35	Macaulay	155
Bancroft	29	Gibbon	96
Motley	7	Hume	42
Parkman	2	Rawlinson	12
McMaster	2	Green	10
		Carlyle	9
		Buckle	1
		Lecky	1

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. G. Holland (complete works)	160
Washington Irving (complete works)	39
O. W. Holmes (prose)	27
Herbert Spencer	7
Darwin	4

E. P. Roe stands so much above the other American novelists because this bookstore 'makes a specialty' of his books, probably selling more of them than any other West-

ern house ; but, making due allowance for this, the sales of his books are far beyond those of any other American writer of prose fiction. Of the eight authors ranking next to E. P. Roe in this class, seven are women. The gentler sex being the principal readers of novels, it is perhaps natural that they should be the most successful writers of fiction. The most popular book is 'Ben Hur,' whose author would stand far higher on the list if, instead of two novels, he had written as many as E. P. Roe or Mrs. Holmes. Mr. Howells and the other gentlemen who think that Dickens could not write novels are respectfully invited to examine these figures, with the reminder that Dr. Johnson once said : 'What pleases many, and pleases long, must possess some merit.'

CHARLES H. SERGEL.

Reviews

The Higher Criticism and the Sunday-School.*

HERETO lies a tale like others oft-told nowadays, and to be told in the decade to come with lively frequency. Editor and publisher of *The Sunday-School Times* of Philadelphia declined to take any risks of disturbance of their booming circulation of 105,000 copies, and summarily cut short the publication of Dr. Driver's notes. They had engaged the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, to furnish comments on the Pentateuchal excerpts which constitute the weekly portion for the year of grace 1887. Surely it must have been known that Dr. Driver was an apostle of the Higher Criticism, author of the best work on Hebrew tense-forms, and a reviser of that version of the Old Testament called 'King James's,' who was not exactly in sympathy with the Princeton Professor of Hebrew. Yet, behold, despite our joyful reading of the editorial on 'The Range of Reverent Old Testament Criticism,' December 18, 1886, a falling of the barometer so soon. As we picked up our *Sunday-School Times* one day (Jan. 15, 1887), we discovered that a storm had burst. The Driver was driven out. In place of capitally suggestive notes from Oxford was a long and rather halting editorial of explanation, with notice of no more incendiary comments from abroad. Had it been Cambridge, either of England or Massachusetts, we should not have been surprised; but conservative Oxford not orthodox! We remembered how Prof. Toy, now Harvard's pride, was likewise netted and speared by the *Christian Intelligencer's reticularius*, and his corpse dragged out of the arena of the *Times*. Who next? Look out Delitzsch, beware Schodde! Between Dec. 18, 1886, and Jan. 15, 1887, what searchings of heart and, possibly, reading of angry letters must have gone on in the sanctum in Philadelphia! Nobly and honorably, however, did editor treat contributor, and handsomely does the outcast Professor acknowledge the courtesy of the *Times* editor in his preface.

The pamphlet now given us will be useful to all who wish to know what critical students of the Hebrew Scriptures now think of the Bible. Dr. Driver is a reverent believer of the Bible as the revealed will of God to man. He believes that the Old Testament contains scriptures which are inspired and profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction which is in righteousness. He also believes that these sacred writings are able to make men wise unto salvation through faith in Christ Jesus. Nevertheless, as a student of Hebrew and expert literary man, he does not believe that theory of the formation of the sacred canon which we have inherited from ages of pious but unphilological scribes and of uncritical dogmatists. His notes are rich and suggestive, and his statements modest and reverent; and, though possessing little novelty to critical students of the Hebrew text, will prove of value to those who want to know how the learned of our age think. Dr. Driver is not yet forty-two years old. Perhaps he may change much, perhaps grow in wisdom, perhaps fossilize, perhaps have all his

arguments demolished, his theories refuted. At any rate, we are glad his notes have been published. He and Cheyne and Plumtre and our own Briggs, and all other reverent men who love truth at least as much as tradition, can afford to wait. The tide is coming in. Amid the things to be shaken, there are some things unshakable; and these are to the earnest soul all that is worth holding to.

Tolstoi's "Sebastopol." *

MR. HOWELLS is the amiable master of ceremonies who introduces Count Tolstoi anew to us in these vivid sketches of Crimean war and adventure. If the early sketches of a great artist afford any insight into his after career, then we have here a most interesting series of studies—for those who like Russian writing—preparatory to 'War and Peace' and 'Anna Karéina.' The sense of 'lunar remoteness' peculiar to much of this writing will not be so overpowering to such enthusiasts in 'Sebastopol,' across which, one may say, there is a fresh streak of blood—a wound still bleeding with all the abundance of yesterday. Everybody remembers the Crimean War and has a feeling of contemporaneity with it, more particularly after rising from the gorgeous pages of Kinglake, to which Tolstoi's are a supplement. Anybody who, like Mr. Howells, wishes to find himself on terms of the greatest intimacy with this 'far-fetched Russian nobleman' can do so in these early pages, on which lies the dew of juvenility. Howells grows passionate over him, 'because he knows himself through him; because he has written more faithfully of the life common to all men, the universal life which is the most personal life, than any other author whom he has read.' Alexander called Achilles happy because he had Homer to celebrate his exploits. Is Tolstoi equally fortunate in his 'herald'? The 'Introduction' is full of flushes of becoming modesty, and Mr. Howells is covered with confusion as he writes his bold words; but still he writes them; and whether we subscribe or not to all his superlatives of admiration, it is instructive to see one popular idol explaining and 'ciceroning' another, pointing out this or that excellency or admirable point in the 'gift-horse,' and crying 'Lo! here' or 'Lo! there' to things other people have not seen. Mr. Frank D. Millet takes his translation from the French; it therefore lacks the racy vigor of Miss Hapgood's renderings from the Russian; yet it is easy and pleasant reading even though it be looking through double-glass doors at an interior altogether strange to us. Tolstoi's apostolic face prefuses the volume—a flat-nosed Byzantine saint, as devoid of individuality as a Russian steppe, yet not without sullen force and dreaming strength in its hairy expanses. The sketches include three glimpses of soldier life at Sebastopol during the war, one in December, 1854, another in May, 1855, and a third in August, 1855. They are like early battle-sketches of Meissonier—small, minute, precise, with all the potentialities of the later, larger works, yet wrought out on the scale of an inch to a mile.

Goethe at the Milwaukee Literary School. †

THE Milwaukee Literary School seems to be an imitation of the Concord School of Philosophy, devoting less attention to philosophy, however, and more to literature. Its first session was held in August, 1886, and the subject was Goethe. The lectures and discussions have been edited in an interesting and valuable volume, which compares favorably with the similar volume issued two years ago by the Concord School. Of the eight lecturers at Milwaukee, five were from Concord—Dr. Wm. T. Harris, Mr. F. B. Sanborn, Mrs. C. K. Sherman, Mr. D. J. Snider and Prof. W. T. Hewitt. Mr. Sanborn read the same paper at Concord and Milwaukee, though enlarged and improved for the latter place; but the other Concord lecturers treated of fresh subjects at the

* *Sebastopol*. By Count Leo Tolstoi. Tr. from the French by Frank D. Millet. Introduction by W. D. Howells. 75 cts. New York: Harper & Bros.

† Poetry and Philosophy of Goethe. Edited by Marion V. Dudley. \$1.50. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

Milwaukee school. The distinctively Milwaukee lecturers were Mr. James MacAlister, Mrs. Maria A. Shorey and Mr. Horace Rublee, who discussed Goethe as a scientist, the "Elective Affinities," and Goethe as writer, savant and citizen. The two most valuable lectures printed in the present volume are those by Prof. Harris, on what is most valuable to us in German philosophy and literature; and Mr. Sanborn's paper on Goethe's relations to English literature. The first of these is a closely reasoned historic study, while the latter shows extensive reading and a sympathetic appreciation of the best literary influences. The lectures by Mrs. Sherman and Mrs. Shorey prove how important has become the element of culture which women give to American society, and how strong they are in critical judgment and intellectual vigor of mind. The work of the school closed with a day of birthday tributes, including an ode by Mr. Snider, a paper by Aubertine Woodward ("Auber Forestier"), a poem by Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold, and brief addresses by Prof. Hewitt and Mr. Rublee. The work of the Milwaukee School was well begun, and is likely to prove of considerable service in promoting culture and literary activity in the West. The well-edited volume it now gives to the public is a valuable addition to Goethe literature.

"Cracker Joe."*

ANONYMITY has its charms. There is a special piquancy in 'naming' a 'No Name' novel—in guessing at this or that celebrity who may have taken this opportunity of airing a strange story, giving vent to an opinion, recording a remote or striking incident, or a voyage to Miranda's isle and the finding there of curious and legendary growths. The power of the spell has held through 36 volumes, a sign that the "veiled prophet" is as popular as ever—that the sources of the Nile, the face behind the anonym, are still attracting eager explorers. Vol. 37—"Cracker Joe"—maintains the reputation of the series for audacious character-drawing, keen insight into certain aspects of life and scenery, and a poetic surrounding. Florida and its dim everglades give the requisite stage whereon are developed certain remarkable incidents in the experience of a broken-down New York family, who go thither to mend their fortunes. Their contact with Floridian life begins and ends dramatically, calling out many picturesque resources of the author, and causing him to throw into rather angular juxtaposition the civilization of Fifth Avenue and the 'Cracker' settlements of the pinewoods. While the character-drawing is often vigorous, it is crude and exaggerated, and leaves the reader under the impression that commonplace people do not exist in Florida—that everybody and everything is individualized to an intense degree. The Negro dialect is often ludicrously wrong, and places the author, geographically, north of Mason and Dixon's line. No Negro—Floridian or otherwise—ever pronounced 'whole' *hull*, or 'close' *clus*, or committed the solecisms ascribed to Aunt Pruny in this book. Aunt Pruny herself is powerfully 'rubbed in,' and stands out as an effective transcript from Negro camp-meetings and kitchens. The book as a whole is not harmonized at the edges, does not fit into itself everywhere, is jerky and inconsequential, and strives excessively for dramatic climaxes. A quieter would have been a truer delineation. All life in low latitudes is not necessarily tropical or violent; the softest idylls abound in those regions, plaintive as the im-memorial forests amid which they pass. To circumscribe tragedy by latitude—to affirm that volcanoes cannot exist in Iceland or Alaska—is as false in ethics and romance as in geography. A picture of a country cannot be true which violates the usual canons of human experience and taste, which puts all the high-tempered people near the equator and gives an arctic tinge to those born between less favored parallels. So far as we know Florida, 'Cracker Joe' contains both truth and falsehood; but it reveals an author

* Cracker Joe. (No Name Series.) \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Bros.

who has made only a passing visit there. Such local color as Cable floods his books with as with a soft moonlight cannot be acquired by art or learned in a summer flight: it is not a thing of memory or rote: it streams from a full soul charged with all the flotsam and jetsam of a life-long experience.

Bascom's Sociology.*

IF WE SAY that this is one of the very best of President Bascom's works, we shall give it the high praise it deserves. It is not, however, a systematic treatise, such as might be prepared by a methodic college Professor; but a series of suggestive and instructive essays on the most important subjects connected with sociology. The introduction discusses the complexity of sociological facts and the relations of the social sciences; and then there follow chapters on custom, government, economics, religion, ethics, ethics in their relation to custom and economics, and ethical law in connection with government and religion. The two concluding chapters treat of such social problems as the rights of women, prohibition, public education, copyright, competition and the mission of the pulpit; and also the ways in which the goal of social order is to be finally reached. All these subjects are discussed with candor, wisdom and a sound insight. They are treated in a large and generous spirit, with a just recognition of what science has done to interpret them, and yet with a wise regard to the powerful influence of ethics and religion. The book is a discussion of the higher problems of social life, as they present themselves to-day in civilized communities, rather than an attempt to explain why and how the social life has been organized. That is, its spirit is predominantly ethical rather than scientific, concerned with how man can advance to a higher social order rather than with how he has grown in the past. It is an excellent supplement to such a work as Spencer's 'Principles of Sociology,' bringing to the front the phrases of Sociology suggested by its relations to political economy, ethics and religion. It gives a wholesome and inspiring word on all the living social questions of the day; and its suggestions as to how the social life of man may be made purer and truer are rich with the finer wisdom of the time. The author is always liberal in spirit, generous in his sympathies and wise in his knowledge.

Some Scientific Handbooks.†

IN NOTHING has more advance been made of late years than in scientific text-books. Here is Holder's Zoölogy (1), a book in which nearly half the space is occupied by fairly good wood-cuts of the animals described, and in which the text is clear and well arranged; while Prof. Huxley's dictum against the memorizing of mere classification, as a substitute for the knowledge of the objects themselves, is the principle that has been used in this excellent compilation. Clear description and graphic representation, and not a metaphysical account of classification, are what are given. We should have liked a definition of what is meant by species—that central conception on which so large a part of modern biologic discussion turns. The classification used is happily indicated by a specimen brick as follows: A given dog, for instance, belongs to the Kingdom of animals; the Branch of backboned or vertebrate animals; the Class of milk-givers, or mammalia; the Order of flesh-eaters, or carnivora; the Family of canidae or dogs; the Genus *canis*; the Variety from Newfoundland. This is better teaching than we can look back to in our own college time, when elaborate and metaphysical classifications were made much of; and we recommend the book as a very serviceable manual.

* Sociology. By John Bascom. \$1.50. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
† 1. Elements of Zoölogy. By C. F. Holder and J. B. Holder. \$1.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2. Physiological Botany. By Robert Bentley. \$1.40. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 3. Libro Primero de Zoología. Por el Dr. Juan García Purón. New York: Appleton. 4. Libro Primero de Botánica. Same author and publisher. 5. Agriculture in Some of its Relations with Chemistry. By F. H. Storer. 2 vols. \$5. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Bentley's *Botany* (2), less fully though still well illustrated, is a book of similar scope and purpose to the one just described. It is edited by Miss E. A. Youmans, whose own text-book on Botany is well-known. Her function here has been mainly to reduce the manual to the size, or smallness, needed by American classes. There is a brief sketch of vegetable histology; then in order come descriptions of the organs of nutrition, of reproduction, of the physiology of the elementary structures and processes, of the life of the plant as a whole, and of special phenomena in its life. Properly supplemented by object-teaching from the plant itself, we do not know of a more serviceable botany-manual than this.

Books of somewhat narrower scope are Dr. Purón's school manuals of Zoölogy (3) and Botany (4), intended for Spanish-speaking countries, which are in large part supplied with text-books by the publishers of these two volumes. Their illustrations are not in all respects up to the level of those in the English books we have just noticed. 'La verdadera ballena,' for instance, is represented as spouting two enormous jets of water high in the air—a thing never yet done by the nostrils of a 'true whale.' What the whale spouts, as Mr. Holder points out, is the moisture of the breath, as shown reasonably well in his picture of the humpback whale suckling her young; but he should have added that with this moisture a certain amount of seawater, which has found its way into the spiracles of the whale, is also expelled in the form of white spray. It is this spray, conspicuous at the distance of miles, that has given rise to the firmly-rooted legend of the whale's spouting water from its own peculiar resources. On the whole these 'first books' seem excellently adapted to their purpose, and are superior in most respects—notably so even in the matter of illustrations—to those already in use in Spanish-American schools, in many of which, as well as in certain institutions in the mother-country, they have been cordially welcomed.

Prof. F. H. Storer's 'Agriculture' (5) is a full and labored work, embodying the substance of lecture-courses at Harvard College. Soil, air, tillage, fertilizers, and the sequence and treatment of crops, are carefully and methodically studied, and while the book has the air of being mainly based upon German chemists' works, it is one that records much experience, and will not fail to be useful to the agricultural student.

"The Dictionary of Religion."*

A NEW encyclopædia of the scope of that before us is an important work. It is substantially a Dictionary of Religious History, purely Biblical matters being excluded, and as such calls for wide learning, and great discretion and catholicity of treatment. Mr. Benham, who assumed the responsible editorship on the death of the Rev. J. H. Blunt, shows in his preface, and in the execution of the work throughout, that he has been fully sensible of its difficulties, and has endeavored to overcome them in the exercise of patient and impartial scholarship. The book is designed for popular use, and the necessity of condensing a vast amount of historical and biographical material into one volume of 1150 pages compelled a selection of topics and names to be treated which necessarily exhibits some personal preferences. The editor occupies the standpoint of the Church of England, and this is perhaps especially obvious in the articles which concern America. Thus we find Bishops Seabury and Hopkins, of Vermont, but very few distinguished American theologians; Drs. Dwight and Bushnell appear, but not Jonathan Edwards, Charles Hodge or Henry B. Smith. Similarly, no mention is made of the American Bible and Tract Societies. Sometimes the desire to be fair has led to confusion and weakness, as in the article on Inspiration, which is made up chiefly by citations from *The Homiletic Magazine's Symposium* on that subject. At other points,

* *The Dictionary of Religion: An Encyclopædia of Christian and Other Religious Doctrines, etc.* Edited by Rev. Wm. Benham. \$5.00. New York: Cassell & Co.

however, the work is sufficiently painstaking and full to be extremely useful. We notice particularly the article on the Colonial Church, with a valuable table; the list of opinions charged by the Jesuits upon the Jansenists; the full list of the Oxford Tracts; the list of Bishops and Archbishops of the various English Sees, as well as that of the Popes; the account of the Councils, and numerous articles on ecclesiastical orders and rites, as among the valuable features of the book. How many hands have been engaged upon it, we do not know; but, looked at as a whole, it certainly reflects credit upon the diligence and the scholarly spirit of its editor and his co-laborers.

Minor Notices.

RUSKIN has reached the tenth chapter in the second volume of his 'Præterita: Outlines of Scenes and Thoughts,' an autobiographical romance that partakes more and more of the nature of Goethe's 'Dichtung und Wahrheit,'—an exquisite intellectual mirage, in which everything is transfigured by time and distance. It infinitely excels Goethe in beauty and rhythm, in an individuality as forked as summer lightning, in lambent play of light and shade, in glittering edges and outlines of things that tremble before the eye for an instant and then vanish to appear no more. 'Crossmount'—this Chapter X.—is another of the fiery Catharine-wheels that the author has made to circle about himself, throwing forth golden sparks and raining light upon his readers. It is an account of a visit to a friend's shooting-lodge—ostensibly, at least, for like all the other chapters, it is one long inconsequence and digression beautified by such surpassing mastery of language that one follows with delight, enchanted with his will-o'-the-wisp of a guide. It ascribes the author's style in 'Modern Painters' to a study of Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' from the fact of his 'always having a trick of imitating, more or less, the last book he had read with admiration.' The 'dichtung' has a perilous fascination to one who loves to make 'wahrheit' entertaining. The rich eyes of the old man see hints of intellectual beauty in every incident that happens to the child: there is symbolism and far-reaching result in this or that triviality as after experience glorifies or explains it. Yet we would not be without this 'babble of green fields' for worlds—it is so brilliantly extravagant, so daring in trope and figure, so hoodwinked with fancy, so full of poetry and music. The 'large utterance of the early gods' is in much of it.

SELDOM is there proffered to teachers and students a better book of selections than 'Educational Mosaics' (Boston: Silver, Rogers & Co.), edited by Thomas J. Morgan, Principal of the Rhode Island Normal School. The stimulating thoughts are selected from many writers, from Aristotle and Plato to the leading educators and helpful writers of our own day; and they cover hundreds of topics relating to training and culture. The hackneyed phrase 'a library in a volume' is applicable to this book if to any. It is well printed, arranged nearly alphabetically by authors, and has a full table of contents and an index of authors; all it lacks is a topical index.—THE excellent fashion of giving elementary historical instruction in school reading-books is adopted in 'Ten Great Events in History' (Appleton), compiled and arranged by James Johonnot. This is 'Book iv., Part ii.,' of the historical series of the publishers; and may, of course, be read at home as well as at school. The ten events are the Graeco-Persian war, the Crusades, the Swiss struggle for liberty, the Battle of Bannockburn, the Discovery of America, the Netherlanders' War with Spain, the Attack of the Invincible Armada, the Settlement of New England, the Conquest of India, and Lexington and Bunker Hill. The chapters are partly selections and partly original, the whole being fairly well put together, though this is not the best book of its class.

MR. C. W. BARDEEN, of Syracuse, reissues as No. 11 of his 'School-Room Classics' Dr. Wm. T. Harris's well-known scheme of study in answer to the question 'How to Teach Natural Science in Public Schools.' Nothing better on the subject is accessible in so compact a form (40 pages of a small pamphlet).—A BROADER theme is once more discussed in Prof. C. S. Smith's oration on 'The American University,' delivered before the Columbia Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society last June. The orator re-surveyed the field in Germany, France, England, and the United States, reaching the conclusions that the American university should be developed from the arts-faculty of the college; that 'to treat the entire four-year period of culture [in the college] as post-academic is precipitate'; that the university should begin at a stage of prep-

aration about equal to that reached at the end of Sophomore or Junior year; that it would be well if most of the existing colleges would limit their work to elementary required academic or gymnasium studies, but that they probably will not; and that a few real universities could and should be made focuses of light for the nation. These conclusions of a competent thinker are stated in a florid style which is popularly associated with a certain collegiate year rather than with theses for graduate degrees.

Deaths of the Past Fortnight.

TWO MEN of eminence in the scientific world passed away on Friday of last week. One was Prof. Spencer Fullerton Baird, head of the Smithsonian Institution and of the United States Fish Commission; the other, Alvan Clark, founder of the great telescope works at Cambridge, Mass. Prof. Baird was born at Reading, Pa., in 1823. His Christian name was taken from one of his ancestors, the Rev. Elihu Spencer, a patriot upon whose head the British Government set a price. The Professor's abilities and tastes are said to have been largely inherited from his father, a lawyer of much cultivation, endowed with the faculty of close observation, and an ardent love of out-door sports. With his elder brother, William, Spencer Baird began at the age of fourteen a collection of the game-birds of Cumberland County, which became the nucleus of the collection in the Smithsonian. Audubon took great interest in his work, and the young ornithologist and the old were mutually helpful to each other. At twenty-two he was appointed Professor of Natural History at Dickinson College, his Alma Mater; and shortly afterwards he became associated with Agassiz, with whom he projected a work (never completed) on the fresh-water fishes of the United States. In 1850 he became Assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian; and in 1878, when Prof. Henry died, its Secretary. Seven years before the latter date, President Grant had appointed him United States Fish Commissioner. This appointment added nothing to his income but much to his responsibility and labors. His works include an English edition, of which he was translator and editor, of 'The Iconographic Encyclopædia'; 'The Birds of North America' (1860) and 'The Mammals of North America' (1861), both published in conjunction with John Cassin; and 'The Land Birds of North America,' issued in conjunction with Dr. T. M. Brewer and Robert Ridgway. But a chronological catalogue of his writings, prepared by order of the Smithsonian Institution and carried down only to 1882, contains over 1,000 titles. Prof. Baird's services to science did not fail of recognition. He received medals from the Acclimatization Societies of Australia, France, and Germany, and was a member of the leading scientific associations of England, Austria, France, Germany, Holland, Portugal, and New Zealand. Over thirty-three genera and species in North, South, and Central America and the West Indies have been named in his honor. Yet his friends and associates are convinced that his life was shortened, as his last days were certainly embittered, by the false and quickly disproved charges of venality brought against him in Congress not long ago. His physical endurance was astonishing, but his ardent temperament prompted him to systematically overstrain his powers. He died at Wood's Holl, Mass., where he had established a sea-hatchery that will still further augment the supply of food-fishes in American waters, already due in so great part to his individual efforts.

Alvan Clark, the telescope-maker, was born in Ashfield, Mass., in 1804. His only technical education was received in the public schools. As a youth he found employment in the mills as a calico-engraver. At twenty-two he married, and at thirty-one went to Cambridge to live, taking a studio in Boston and supporting himself for some years by portrait-painting. He was over forty when he began to take an interest in telescope-making; and had never seen a lens ground, it is said, when he abandoned his profession and, with his sons, began to manufacture glasses. Through a glass 18 inches in diameter, which he sent to Chicago just before the War, twenty stars were found in the nebula of Orion which had not before been seen. It was with this instrument that Mr. Alvan G. Clark, Mr. Clark's son, in 1862 discovered the companion of Sirius, for which he received the award of the Lalande Medal from the French Academy of Science. In 1870 the Russian Government contracted for a telescope for the Observatory at Pulkowa, and in 1883 a \$33,000 instrument was completed. The object glass was thirty inches in diameter—seven inches larger in diameter than the instrument at Princeton and larger than the National Observatory glass, both made by Alvan Clark & Sons. From the Imperial Academy of Science came a vote of thanks, and from the Emperor of Russia a gold medal. This was the largest telescope in the world; but the same firm undertook a few years ago the construction of a 36-inch object-glass for the Lick Observatory. An accident during an experiment about a year ago destroyed the photo-

graphic lens for this glass, and Mr. Alvan G. Clark is in Paris negotiating for a lens to take its place. Mr. Clark received the degree of A.M. from Amherst, Princeton, and Harvard. He and his wife celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage last year. He is said to have left in his son Alvan a competent successor.

John Palgrave Simpson, the English playwright and author, has just died in London at the age of eighty or upwards. He was a graduate of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and was destined for Holy Orders, but spent many years in travel on the Continent, and then settled down to miscellaneous literary work, contributing to *Blackwood's*, *Frazer's* and *Bentley's*, and writing 'Second Love and Other Tales' (1846), 'Gisella: A Novel' and 'Letters from the Danube' (1847), 'The Lily of Paris; or, The King's Nurse' and 'Pictures from Revolutionary Paris' (1848), an 'authorized' Life of Weber (1865), and other books. In 1850 he began a successful career of play-writing, producing some forty pieces for the stage, among which were 'The World and the Stage,' a melodrama; 'Second Love,' a comedy; and 'Sybilla; or, Step by Step.'

Lovers of nature—and of literature—have heard with regret of the death of Richard Jefferies, who was sometimes called 'the modern White of Selborne,' and, on this side of the water, 'the John Burroughs of England.' Mr. Jefferies was an acute observer of out-of-doors phenomena, but his writings lacked the finish of Mr. Burroughs's. The book which made him well-known was 'The Gamekeeper at Home.' Conspicuous among his other works were 'Wood Magic: A Fable' and 'After London,' the latter a simple tale of love and adventure at a period when England shall have relapsed into semi-barbarism. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, to which he frequently contributed, is taking up a subscription for his family. 'Wood Magic' and 'After London' are published here by Cassell & Co.

Prof. O. S. Fowler, the first and most successful practitioner in this country of the theories of Spurzheim and Combe, died on the 19th inst.—the death-day of Prof. Baird and Mr. Clark. He was educated for the ministry, but having studied phrenology undertook to support himself temporarily by examining heads. The venture was so profitable that he adopted it as a vocation, and his office and publication house in Broadway has long been the phrenological centre of the country. Prof. Fowler was the author of numerous works on phrenology and related subjects, which were published by the Fowler & Wells Co., a firm of which he was the founder.

The Magazines.

IT IS pleasant to see several new names on the title-page of *The Atlantic*; not that we are tired of the familiar ones, but that we have a profound belief in the wisdom of giving new authors a chance. Every reader will turn at once to 'The Second Son,' which, for a story extremely slow and tedious at first, is now dramatic and exciting enough. There is something very ingenious in having the plot deal with three brothers; and the story well illustrates that pitiful trait in the British aristocracy which forgives a son for ruining a girl whom it would disinherit him for marrying. It is a profound touch of human nature to make us for the nonce love and pity the poor little light-headed foolish Lily, who when real shame is approaching is as keenly alive to it as the noblest of her sex. The story of Lily's wandering night in London is a masterpiece of both art and nature. Dr. Holmes gives us a pleasing peep at Paris, and a call upon Pasteur. Mr. McMaster also gives us France with our own Franklin as the figure-head; and France again we have in 'Le Roi Manqué,' by Ellen Terry Johnson, who shows how drainage may affect history. Edmund Noble writes of a trip in Russia; Percival Lowell of 'The Soul of the Far East'; Mr. Crawford of the wonderful finding of Alexander Patoff in more mysteries of the East; and Mrs. Pennell of the 'Early Egotism' which takes us back to savagery; William Lawson writes a poem 'In Athens,' and Mrs. Moulton even ventures into the 'Beyond.' 'A Pinch-town Pauper,' however, by A. C. Gordon, is unmistakably, American. There is some well-written criticism of 'four novels,' barring the fact that the critic makes the mistake of telling the story of each.

An exhaustive article on 'Riding in New York' opens *Harper's*. Richard Wheatley gives an interesting and timely account of 'Home Rule in the Isle of Man,' giving one a new idea of the spot that the average human being thinks of as a sort of Welsh Staten Island. Howard Pyle's second paper on 'Buccaneers and Marooners' is a bit of history as exciting as Rider Haggard's romancing. 'The South American Yankee,' by William Elroy Curtis, 'Here and There in the South,' by Rebecca Harding Davis, and 'The Sons of the Steppe,' by Henry Lansdell, are descriptive articles of the perfunctory order. From the former we have the interesting fact that in Chile women are employed as street-car conductors. The

spasms of Miss Alice Pasmer, who really ought to have an S before her surname, are really too much of a good thing in 'April Hopes.' Mr. Howells, in the 'Study,' announces 'No hope of improvement from Criticism,' and then proceeds to criticise. He coins a new word, 'literosity'; and now adds to his previous appreciation of Mr. James the information that the 'Princess Casamassima' is of wider scope and variety than Balzac. Blanche Willis Howard begins a serial; and the short stories are by Southern writers, Col. R. M. Johnston's 'Moll and Virgil' dealing with the South, and Miss Amelie Rives's 'Nurse Crumpet' being of the Seventeenth Century.

Lippincott's gives a very solid article this month in a paper on 'A Suppressed Statesman' by that accomplished writer, Moncure D. Conway. The Statesman is Edmund Randolph of Virginia, and Mr. Conway pleads eloquently for our appreciation of this statesman, orator, political writer, and philosophical thinker. The novel for the month is by Lew Vanderpool, and is a story of California life called 'The Red Mountain Mines.' 'How an English Girl Sought to Make a Living' is the cumbersome title of a plea for the stage by Genie Holtzmeier, based on personal experience. Frank G. Carpenter gives a brief report of a talk with the man who captured Wilkes Booth, but does not tell much that is new. Mr. Walsh, in Book-Talk, has the courage to say that he does not think much of 'Allan Quartermain.'

Social science gets its full share of space in the September number of *The Popular Science Monthly*. The leading article is the third of the series, by the Hon. David Wells, on 'Economic Disturbances since 1873,' in which he takes the ground that these disturbances are, in the main, but natural though undesirable consequences of our progress in utilizing natural forces. George P. Morris writes of 'Industrial Training Two Centuries Ago,' and Henry J. Phillipot of 'Social Sustenance.' There is an illustrated article on 'Cork: Its Manufacture and Properties,' and a biographical sketch of the naturalist Audubon, whose portrait, in shirt-sleeves and with gun under his arm, forms the frontispiece of the number. —Quantity and variety distinguish the September *St. Nicholas*. Of the number of good things, pictorial and literary, that it contains we may mention as specially attractive S. L. Frey's description of 'An Old Seabeach,' with its tail-piece illustrating a seabeach of to-day; William H. Rideing's account of 'The Boyhood of William Dean Howells'; Frances Courtenay Baylor's story of 'Juan and Juanita'; 'The Song of the Bee,' by Nancy Nelson Pendleton; and Jack in the Pulpit's illustrated account of fulgarites, otherwise called lightning-holes.

The Lounger

THE INACCURACY of newspaper reports was the subject of a conversation in which I happened to take part some days ago. 'As a case in point,' said I, 'take the alleged interview with Admiral Luce that appeared in yesterday's papers.' A reporter, it may be remembered, had asked the Admiral whether he expected to get into serious trouble with the Secretary of the Navy in consequence of his circular to American fishermen in Canadian waters, and reported him as having replied that he didn't know whether he would or not, and didn't particularly care—that he was much too old a hand to mind a row with the authorities at Washington. The newspapers also quoted him as having used Shakspeare's words, 'Behold the great image of authority: a dog's obeyed in office.' 'Ten to one,' I said, 'Admiral Luce never said what he is reported to have said, and never made the quotation that is put into his mouth; yet Secretary Whitney and everyone else will probably take it for granted that he did.'

SO FAR as Mr. Whitney is concerned, I reckoned without my host. In an interview which bears the marks of authenticity, the Secretary is said to have scouted the idea that the Commander of the North Atlantic Squadron had used the language attributed to him. 'The interview is evidently a manufactured one,' said Mr. Whitney; 'Admiral Luce is far too much of a gentleman to have made use of the quotation from "Lear" in the way he is said to have applied it.' The Secretary has doubtless read too many bogus interviews with himself, to put much reliance on reports that bear the stamp of improbability on their face.

ADMIRAL LUCE, though not an old man, is a thorough-going 'old salt,' and one of the brightest men in the Navy. He has written a standard work on Seamanship, and compiled a voluminous collection of sea-songs. Nor is his pen unknown in other departments of literature. His whole life has been passed in the service, and he has not often had to wait long for promotion. It seems to me only the other day that he was a Captain. I surprised an old

lady quite recently by mentioning his name and title. 'Admiral Luce!' she exclaimed; 'why, the last time I saw him—and it seems only yesterday—he was a gay young Midshipman, galloping out to Spring Hill on the railroad track, because the road was too heavy for fast riding.' He has always been impulsive and resolute—quick to make up his mind, and prompt to act in accordance with his decision.

THE *World's* correspondent in Marion telegraphed to his paper last week the details of 'a most interesting and romantic story,' that had just 'leaked out' in that retired village. It is that 'Mr. St. Gaudens, a young and promising New York sculptor,' who 'has long been anxious to try his hand upon a subject worthy of his ambitious skill,' is at work on a portrait of Mrs. Cleveland. Mr. St. Gaudens is not old, and his admirers do not despair of his doing even better work than he has yet accomplished; but the sculptor of the Farragut in Madison Square in this city, of the Capt. Randall on Staten Island, the Puritan in Springfield and the new Lincoln for Chicago, to name no other masterpieces—a man who is generally regarded as at the head of his profession in America can hardly, in strict terms, be described as 'young and promising,' however 'ambitious' his 'skill' may be. Besides the portrait of Mrs. Cleveland, Mr. St. Gaudens is modelling in plaster a medallion head of Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer, the art critic.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S visit to Marion has drawn attention to a watering-place whose chief charm hitherto has been its quietness and seclusion. It is an old-fashioned hamlet of perhaps eight hundred souls, summer visitors included; and the fame that has suddenly come to it has embarrassed its quiet inhabitants as a sudden and accidental blaze of newspaper notoriety would embarrass a shy spinster who had never seen her name in print. Marion was described in Mr. James's 'Bostonians,' but this fact has only come to light of late. Now, however, the place bids fair to be written to death. The editor of a leading magazine—not *The Century*—tells me that he is overburdened with stories or sketches which would never have come to him, but for the fact that Marion, or some spot that bears a real or fancied resemblance to Marion, is the scene of the tale or episode. What the Marionettes would like, is to have Mrs. Cleveland visit their village under a rigid *incognito*.

BUFFALO BILL will be a confirmed diner-out by the time he gets home, unless he is killed with kindness beforehand. Only the great amount of exercise he gets in the arena at the 'Yankeries' enables him to enjoy the unwonted high living that fame has brought with it on British soil. The London correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* quotes, in this connection, a fragment of conversation between an Englishwoman of rank and an American. Said the former, 'Was Buffalo Bill invited to dine out much, when he was in New York?' 'He never "dined" in his life till he came to London,' was the reply; 'when he was at home he "had something to eat" at twelve o'clock.' But then, a prophet is not without honor!

Bombastes Swinburneoso.

[*The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

MR. SWINBURNE calls his article in *The Fortnightly* 'Whitmania.' He does not, he explains, take back anything he has formerly said on the 'thrilling and fiery force' of Whitman's 'gusty rhetoric,' nor does he deny that Whitman has 'said wise and noble things upon such simple and eternal subjects as life and death, pity and enmity, friendship and fighting.' What he protests against is 'Whitmania'—the attempt to give Whitman a high place among the poets; and what he seeks to do is, in the name of 'common sense and sound criticism,' to flog such Whitmaniacs 'into their straight-waistcoats, or . . . straight-petticoats.' To make good a claim to the title of 'poet' a man must, Mr. Swinburne points out, either be a 'singer' or a 'maker.' As for Walt Whitman's claim on the former score, Mr. Swinburne answers 'Tu es poète comme mon—soulier.' Whitman is absolutely deficient in 'metre, rhythm, cadence.' His verses are almost as bad as those at which Mr. Carlyle was 'good enough to try his hand,' or those which have been 'allowed to pass muster' for poetry under Byron's name. Whitman is an 'orotund oratist'; he is not a singer.

And neither, adds Mr. Swinburne, is he a 'maker.' On this score he ranks with Mr. Martin Tupper. They cannot even evoke shadows, like Mr. James Macpherson; they can only 'accumulate words.' 'As to his originality in the matter of free speaking, it need only be observed,' says Mr. Swinburne, 'that no remarkable mental gift is requisite to qualify man or woman for membership of a sect mentioned by Dr. Johnson—the Adamites, who believed

in the virtue of public nudity.' Whitman and Zola claim the privilege of St. Peter to call nothing common or unclean. But in poetry, above all other arts, the method of treatment is everything; and Whitman's method is marked neither by Sappho's 'divine sublimity of fascination' nor Titian's 'transcendent supremacy of actual and irresistible beauty.' On the contrary, Mr. Whitman's Eve is 'drunken apple-woman, indecently sprawling in the slush and garbage of the gutter amid the rotten refuse of her overturned fruit-stall,' and his Venus is 'a Hottentot wench under the influence of cantharides and adulterated rum.' Mr. Swinburne, it will be seen from these extracts, 'belabors the idol of the "Whitmaniacs" with all his accustomed fury; but these poor people have one consolation: if Mr. Swinburne is to be accepted as a critical guide, a good many other idols will have to be knocked down and some others set up. For instance, the disciple of Mr. Swinburne must deem 'Diogenes Devilsdung' to be the last word of criticism on Carlyle, and be prepared to drum Byron out of the ranks of poets. On the other hand, he must instal Mr. Theodore Watts as 'the first critic of our time—perhaps the largest-minded and surest-sighted of any age.' Mr. Swinburne's private address is, we may add for those whom such things interest, care of Theodore Watts, Esq., Putney.

A 'SPECIAL' to the *Tribune* quotes Walt Whitman as saying in reference to Swinburne's *Fortnightly* article concerning himself: 'I hardly know what to think of it. I am rather surprised at Swinburne. I always thought he rather liked my poetry, but perhaps he has tired of it and turned on himself. Shall I reply to it? No, I have nothing to say. I have been strongly urged to do so, but I prefer not to. I have received three despatches from the editor of *The North American Review* requesting me most earnestly to prepare an answer to the attack for the next number of that publication, but I have positively declined.'

The Lower Education of Women

[Helen McKerlie, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

WE have all read an admirable treatise from the hand of a gifted penwoman, slashing at all our hopes, and attempting to destroy the very fabric of the movement for a Higher Education of Women. And wherefore? Because—we gather from her argument—it means loss of money, time, and, above all things, strength. A highly educated woman, we are told, is incapacitated for her natural functions. She is a woman destroyed, a man not made. All her finer and more valuable attributes are blurred. She is unsatisfying as a companion, worthless as a wife, incapable as a mother. A girl's physical strength can never carry her bravely through the arduous struggle for honors, degrees, and professorships, and land her safely at the other side. Mental success must be obtained at the loss of physical powers. A girl is weaker, physically, mentally, morally, than a man; therefore she must take the lowest seat.

Of course the actual facts as to the relative numbers of boys and girls who fail from over-pressure in brainwork have been already erroneously stated by a man and ably proved to be so by a woman. That part of the argument is finished. Our attention is now obtrusively drawn to a lower field. We would fain have passed over the ignoble theme, but we are called upon to face the facts of the disastrous system of education which has till lately prevailed. We are told a woman's highest aim is to be a good animal. Undoubtedly to be a good animal is one of the requisites of successful living. But is it life altogether? Without infringing on man's royal prerogative, have women not a right to live—to live as beings answerable for their all? Our opponent says, and others have said before her, 'There is one sphere for woman's thought and work and action.' But when we come to inquire what it is, it appears that the one sphere is that of wife, mother, and household drudge. Perhaps these Professors of the Lower System of Education know of some sphere for women's souls. If so, their discreet silence is to be commended. We might have supposed that the domestic sphere did not include all the thought of which even a woman is capable. But no; there is a sharp line drawn; so far can they advance, but here they must stop. No further, says the new King Canute. We ask: is this compatible with human nature? Is there any point at which humanity can stand still, intellectually, socially, mentally, morally? No; we progress or retrograde. Towards what shall we move? is the only question.

Now the progress of the Lower System of Education does not seem to tend towards improvement. The aim seems to be to teach women to suit themselves to others' requirements, because their wellbeing depends on others' approval. A woman's laudable ambition, say this school of philosophers, is first to become a wife, forgetting that the desire to become a wife does not necessarily include the desire to become a good wife. The direct road to become

a wife is not by the development of the intellect, but by the development of certain feminine qualities, bad and good. A girl is to cultivate her love of dress, her taste for frivolities, her desire to please. Her life must embody soft pleasure, that she may be the embodiment of it to a sterner companion. What does a feminine life imply in these people's mouths? Vanity, ease, luxury, dissipation to the prescribed amount; lack of method, disrespect of time, carelessness of everything. Little failings incidental to those of the weaker sex are to be condoned, and little weaknesses made greater; for by their weakness they shall rule. Haphazard, aimless, helpless, women's lives must be; for their help comes from without. They are not strong enough, poor things, to fight life's battle. They must find some one to fight it for them. But does their taste for amusement and frivolities always stop when they have gained the husband? Is the desire for admiration, sometimes grown into a craving, always satisfied in the humdrum domestic career for which the Professors of the Lower System are so anxious that girls should be carefully prepared? Have these women any serious thoughts and worthy studies to fall back upon when they are once 'settled'? They know nothing of all that. They were only taught to win men's admiration, to gratify their own desires. Why should marriage change them? There is no terminus in the education of human character; there are only stations.

We have read, too, the ardent philippics on energies strained and frames exhausted by mental work: but although an equal number of constitutions are ruined by physical exertion, there is no war-cry raised because of that. Where are the lamentations about over-danced girls, over-dressed girls, over-driven girls, over-dissipated girls? What of the weary dinners, the over-heated theatres, the glaring ball-rooms? What of mornings begun at mid-day, of afternoons harassed with the desire of getting through in one day a week's social duty, of days spent in racketing railway travelling for two days' giddy visit to a fashionable house? Is this the life that will make strong women to be the mothers of a giant race?

Putting aside the facts that women desire some happiness of their own, and that they prefer to find it themselves without having arbitrary rules laid down for them; putting aside the question whether a present generation of one sex is to be entirely sacrificed for a future generation of the other, let us consider the *dicta* laid down for us by the advocates of the Lower System. 'Women are made and meant to be, not men, but mothers of men.' 'A noble wife, a noble mother, etc.' True, most true; but what are the means to the end? Should we set out with the object of making a good wife or a good mother before we have considered how to make a good woman? How do we get good human character? Is it not by the cultivation of all higher attributes, and the suppression of all lower? Is it not by the development of all the faculties, the increased desire for all good? We are told, to be good wives and mothers, women must sink the race in the individual, and crave, not all good, but the good of husband and children. And yet at the same time women are not to exert themselves, but to push on others to get it for them; to be, in fact, the spur for the willing horse. It is a capital sketch of the old-fashioned idea of a woman; but we decline to admire or endorse it. The individual good—decidedly; according to one of our best ethical schemes, if each man is happy, who shall be miserable? Neither men nor women are conducting to the general good when they shut up their own house to mind their neighbor's shop. This essential for good wisdom is also an essential for good womanhood. The individual first: nations and races are formed of men and women, not of droves of cattle. We want good characters. Will good characters ever be formed by helpless, dependent lives? Do great individuals spring from a cowed and conquered people? Let a ruler be appointed by a people, let a husband be chosen by a woman; but woe to the people who think they can live by the bounty of their king, and that their own independence, their own endeavor, are nothing; and woe to the woman who thinks of her husband likewise. Look at the inmates of the workhouse, the paupers who cringe and fawn. What effect has that dependence on character? Yet the noble wife is to spring from a training not very different. All her life long she has never tasted the bread of independence. She waits whiningly for others to provide all that she requires, and hangs her whole weight upon some one man, from necessity, not choice. Why does a man's opinion immediately suggest a broad, well-balanced view, while the term 'feminine' implies in most cases something weak and contemptible? Does it mean that man's vices are noble, and woman's vices false? No, it means that a man has been trained and educated by the struggle of life. Each generation of men starts at a higher stage of development than the last; while women, so far as their minds and characters go, have been left uncultured, and in the general affairs of life they have made no progress worth speaking of.

But in spite of this advance, we say—nay, rather in consequence

of it, men have by no means outgrown such failings as tyranny and a desire for domination. And in spite of the rosy views of men to be found in the article in question, we are afraid it is not quite old-fashioned to suppose that men still wish to make women dependent upon them and subject to their wishes. This is natural enough. The affairs of the world are carried on by self-reliance and love of power. These qualities are kept in check in the sphere that has developed them; but at home, through want of independence and self-reliance in woman, they have become things with even uglier names. On the other hand, we are told, women are puffed up with inordinate vanity, their little knowledge appears to them the height of wisdom, for their unreasonableness has no experience but a domestic one to temper it. They think they can rule and decide in every sphere because they are quite aware that in the one sphere they are far more experienced than men. But are these the faults of Higher Education? Who would select as his general adviser a man who knew only one sphere of life? How can women on such a system be ever the useful companions to men whom our adversaries so much admire? 'Women,' say they, 'do not desire emancipation.' It is true. They have never been slaves. What they do desire is education; education that will enable them to find happiness within themselves; that will give them glad hours, bright dreams, and noble ambitions, under whatever roof they may call their home. They desire intellectual preparation for intellectual intercourse—if needs be, stimulated by competition. But they do not intend because of this to give up all claim to the happy life ordained for them as companions to men. On the contrary, they wish to become better fitted for that life than they are at present. They wish to enable themselves to enter into all men's views and thoughts. They wish to live with them as rational beings, as classmates in the school of life, though one may perhaps be on the higher, the other on the lower, form. This is better than that men and women should be foes, forced to be allies in order that each may fight more successfully for his or her selfish interest. It is better for a woman to look on all good men as her friends—one dearest and best of all—than to look on all men as foes, to be baited with according to the rules of the lists, in order that one may be out-maneuvred and captured by a strategy that it is a life's work to learn and to put into execution. And men and women can never work side by side unless the ground, whether for battle or for production, is the same; nor can they be either worthy allies or useful fellow-laborers, unless they have together prepared a plan of campaign, and together considered the work that needs doing and the means that are ready to hand.

Again, say our opponents, while women have been clamoring men have been advancing. They have no longer any petty feelings of jealousy. They only desire what is best for all, not what is best for men. We wish we could honestly think so. But it would be contrary to all experience of human nature that men should not feel themselves injured by finding women in the field to increase the competition already felt to press very sorely. Yet in other matters men still have their eyes half shut. They still think it is well for a woman to marry for a subsistence, for a home, for a champion, and not for love. So well, that it appears to men to outweigh all the sacrifice. Men prefer to be foes out-maneuvred into matrimony, rather than the best of friends. This may read well enough in romances, and please the ear in tinkling rhyme. But how is it in fact? Try this syllogism: Men are loved because they are strong; all men are strong; therefore they may all be loved. Or, again: Women are to be weak. Compared to men they are to be as 'moonlight unto sunlight' and as 'water unto wine.' But does real virtue, not that of the glass-house and conservatory sort, require no strength, and are our 'noble wives and mothers' to fare no better in education or in life than the heroine of Locksley Hall?

There is one question, asked in the article which has given rise to this protest, too amusing to be passed over. It is asked in reference to Lady Jane Grey, who wanders like a ghost, poor creature, through this controversy—not surely as a punishment for a too vaulting ambition. Lady Jane Grey is admitted to have been a happy, or at least unobjectionable, instance of a learned woman. But, adds the writer, do we admire her education or her character? We are tempted to ask in reply, What is the idea of education in the minds of the adherents of the Lower System? Does not education form character? Would the character of Lady Jane Grey, or of anybody else, have been the same if the education had been different? Should we have admired her character as we do if she had been brought up a washerwoman, or as maid-of-honor to Queen Catharine de Medici? We are striving for education in order to the better formation of character. We want to stay the riotous growth of frivolous, worthless, and unhappy women. Of course, if women could be pitchforked into life with all their finer attributes and qualities full grown, we should have nothing more

to say. But we assert that the attributes and qualities so much desired cannot be obtained for a girl by priming her with accomplishments and just a sufficient smattering of knowledge to make her an agreeable but not too intelligent companion for men, and then turning her loose at the age of eighteen, or before it, to find the particular man whom in the wisdom of Providence, or more probably by the want of wisdom of her educators, she is destined to accept as a husband. Education is the development of faculties, the motive power, the basis of character. When we want a musician we do not put a fiddle in a boy's hand and tell him to work till he can play *second* in the orchestra, and at the same time take lessons in drawing; we put the instrument in his hand and tell him to do his best and study everything that will tend to make him a good musician. It is the same for a life-worker, a life-artist, as surely we wish a woman to be! We must give her education, which is her instrument, and tell her to do her best, to study, to develop her faculties, her talents, her powers. We cannot say, at any fixed point in her development: 'So far is good, beyond that is bad.' The aim must be at the highest point, however far short the accomplishment may come. We care for the woman's character, not for what she does—say the cavillers. Yes, but the doing makes the character.

And what is the remedy which the advocates of the Lower System, through Mrs. Lynn Linton, propose? They admit that there is a difficulty as to women's employment. How do they meet it? The scheme is simple; they condemn women to manual labor. They may be tinkers, tailors, portmanteau makers, or anything of that kind. We gather that they may cover toys with poisonous paint at 2s. a week, and yet our philosophers would not exclude them from the highest society. Nothing is degrading to women, so long as it is not intellectual. Our 'noble wives and mothers', are not strong enough for quiet study or intellectual excitement in a well-aired lecture-room; but they may stand for twelve hours at a stretch behind a counter in a draughty and ill-ventilated shop. They may strain eyes and injure weary backs over sewing. There is no danger, apparently, of destroying fair young faces, of blunting fine feelings, of decreasing vital force, by such a profession as that of the theatre. Women may be the hangers-on of fashion, and may minister, without danger to themselves, to its shifting whims in every department. And all this with the hope, distinctly held out to them by the article before us, that perhaps if they make themselves very pleasant, 'the countesses and dames for whom they devise their dainty costumes may even—not treat them as intelligent companions; but—agree to meet them on equal terms at balls and dinners.' Women may do all this, and verily they would have their reward. But there is one thing a woman may not do. She may not be independent. She may depend upon a husband, or upon a fashion in flowers or jackets, but she must not be mistress of her own destiny; above all, she must not think.

We are told that the true way to help women is to receive working women into society; and the writer marvels why men shopkeepers are received, but not milliners or lady shopkeepers. The ideal betrays the essential narrowness of the Lower School, and the remedy is somewhat of a specific. Still, the reason why men have risen from the earth is not far to seek. Apart from the innate vulgarity which worships wealth, and would associate with its tailor, or even its dustman, on that ground, irrespective of any mental qualifications, the reason why men who have risen are received into intelligent society has always been that they have something to contribute. Their birth may be nothing, their education may be self-acquired; but they have got something in the struggle of life which is valuable to others. They become friends of men of genius or talent because they have fitted themselves to be so. It was not by dependence on others that these men rose; they may not have been educated, but at least they were allowed to educate themselves. This is the liberty which we claim for women.

But this is a much larger question than the question of any 'society,' London or provincial, learned or frivolous. We not only ask that women may be allowed to get their own living in spite of the fine feelings of fathers and brothers. Not only do we go so far as to think that a lady might be perfectly happy even if she had given up 'society.' There is a wider question than this. We admire our sister who carries on the milliner's shop as much as our brother who rises from the ranks. But we object to the idea that women's work must be confined to manual labor, entirely for the same reasons as we should object to be tied to associate with none but self-educated men. Anything is better than dependence on others, either for man or woman. But are we to allow our ideal of womanhood to be exclusively shaped on the ideals of the workshop and the counter? Is the taint of money-making, uncounteracted by ideas, to cover over and blot out all that is fair and beautiful in the minds of women? Are the attributes of the merchant and the travelling agent to be the exclusive models of women who work for their

living? Will these employments, better than intellectual ones, fit them to be the companions of our best men and the teachers of our most hopeful children? Is man, who devotes his life to art, thought, or scientific discovery, to be satisfied with a wife who is either a frivolous society doll, or a sweet and patient drudge, or a woman with the ideas of the shopman with whom he would find no pleasure in associating? Are the great men who are to be born in the future, if only women will refrain from study, to be guided by the remembrance of their mother's face, as she appeared in powder and paint in some stupid *vaudeville* before a cheering theatre; are they to gaze admiringly on the trade gesticulation, or to listen lovingly to tales of sharp bargains and skilful adulteration?

Women whose characters have been formed by mechanical labor, unmitigated by higher education, are, according to these thinkers, to be the mothers of the Bacons and Goethes of the future. They object to over-pressure. So do we; but we object to it in any direction, and if in one direction more than another, it would be in the direction from which comes least general profit—that of the mechanical and the material. Our fiery leveller would abolish all grades of rank and breeding and reduce women to one dead level of unintellectual pursuit. Men would alone be in possession of thought and knowledge, and would form an aristocracy of culture. This is rank anarchy and demoralization. How under such a system could a philosopher of the Lower System obtain a hearing even for criticism of her own sex? We maintain, on the contrary, that the effort for higher education is simply an effort to secure in the case of women what has always been the case with men. Women's ideals should be formed, as men's have been, by those who have lived out of the roar of traffic, out of the glare of politics, far from the influence of mobs, away from the contamination of commerce and the drudgery of manual labor. The women we want to form women's ideal of education are women with calm, well-balanced minds and hallowed hearts, equal to men in ideas and mental prowess, if inferior to them in mental, because in physical endurance, and perhaps making up in spiritual insight for their lack of physical strength. This is the goal towards which we invite all women to strive whose position is fortunate enough to enable them to do so. Happily, in spite of the Lower plan of Education for women, the road is plain and the gates are already open; and it requires no gift of prophecy to foresee the time when highly educated women may be taught to study some stranded philosopher of the Lower System, long reduced to a fossilized condition, as we now study the extinct creatures of the mud period of the earth's history.

Thackeray and Romanticism.

[The Saturday Review.]

WHEN Mr. Thackeray was young he had for all things French the severe and rather stupid eye of the British Philistine. It was his fortune to live in Paris during the wildest and most brilliant years of Romanticism; and, as presented in his 'Paris Sketch Book,' his attitude towards the movement and its leaders is one of mingled amusement and disgust, of indignation tempered with cynicism. Long afterwards, when he was no longer unknown in literature and art, but had made himself a place beside Fielding and Dickens, and Scott as one of the masters of the English novel, his ardor was somewhat quenched, and his opinions grew less hostile and more appreciative. In his later years we find him delighting in Dumas, and writing about that admirable artist with excellent enthusiasm and discretion. But in his 'mighty youth' he is, as Mr. Leslie Stephen has noted, the bold Briton all over. The airs he gives himself are those of a child of Waterloo; he is the 'one Jack Englishman' of legend and song, who is capable of vanquishing with his single arm any number of frog-eating Frenchmen; the fine old insular feeling against Popery and brass money and wooden shoes comes vigorously out in him. Among a crowd of antic dispositions he represents indignant purity and manliness. He cannot shut his eyes to them and their vagaries; but, as M. Hugo has it, 'il se bouche le nez,' and that with the disdain of a creature of superior essence. He is outraged by 'the monstrous and terrible exaggerations' of MM. Balzac and Hugo and Dumas; by the 'thieves and prostitutes' apotheoses, the 'cheap apologies,' the 'topsurifications of morality' of that scandalous creature, 'Mrs. Dudevant'; by 'the indecency, the coarse blasphemy, and the vulgar wit' of 'Don Juan de Marana' and the 'tabernacular' quality in 'Caligula.' That curious feeling of his for passion—the feeling which is compacted partly of hatred, partly of terror, and partly of dislike of what are called scenes comes out in every line he writes. He is artist enough to see that George Sand writes admirable prose; that there is the 'stamp of genius' on all the pictures of Delacroix, 'rude' and 'barbarous' as they are; that Daumier is an incomparable draughtsman, Philipon a man of wit,

and the elegant Charles de Bernard a writer of parts. But his concessions do not go much further. With the great men of the epoch he is truly, in Touchstone's phrase, much, as the 'most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.' They have absolutely nothing in common; and he takes a pride in noting the fact.

When Thackeray is in sympathy with his subject he has something to say about it that is very well worth hearing. Nothing, for instance, can be better than his description of the 'brief, rich, melancholy sentences' of George Sand. 'I can't express to you the charm of them,' he writes; 'they sound to me like the sound of country bells—provoking I don't know what vein of musing and meditation, and falling sweetly and sadly on the ear.' Here it is evident that he has felt his subject, and writes of it with perfect understanding. Or take his little analysis of the qualities of Daumier's drawing, as expressed in the wonderful series of caricatures which deal with the fortunes of Bertrand and Macaire:—

The admirable way in which each fresh character is conceived, the grotesque appropriateness of Robert's every successive attitude and gesticulation, and the variety of Bertrand's postures of invariable repose, the exquisite fitness of all the other characters, who act their little part and disappear from the scene, cannot be described on paper, or too highly lauded. 'The figures are very carelessly drawn; but, if the reader can understand us, all the attitudes and limbs are perfectly conceived, and wonderfully natural and various. After pondering over these drawings for some hours, as we have been while compiling his notice of them, we have grown to believe that the personages are real, and the scenes remain imprinted on the brain as if we had absolutely been present at their acting. Perhaps the clever way in which the plates are colored, and the excellent effect which is put into each, may add to this illusion. Now, in looking, for instance, at H. B.'s slim, vapory figures, they have struck us as excellent *likenesses* of men and women, but no more; the bodies want spirit, action, and individuality. George Cruikshank, as a humorist, has quite as much genius, but he does not know the art of 'effect' so well as M. Daumier; and, if we might venture to give a word of advice to another humorous designer, whose works are extensively circulated—the illustrator of 'Pickwick' and 'Nicholas Nickleby'—it would be to study well these caricatures of M. Daumier; who, though he executes very carelessly, knows very well what he would express, indicates perfectly the attitude and identity of his figure, and is quite aware, beforehand, of the effect which he intends to produce. The one we should fancy to be a practised artist taking his ease; the other, a young one, somewhat bewildered, a very clever one, however, who if he would think more, and exaggerate less, would add not a little to his reputation.

The phrasing of this passage, it must be owned, is far from elegant; twice in it does the ingenious author become a *Forcible Feeble*, and descend to italics; and throughout it is evident that, as is usual with the man who attempts a final estimate of his contemporaries, he is a little wanting in the sense of proportion. But, allowing for all this, the analysis is excellent. It is, no doubt, a mistake to institute comparisons between Daumier and Cruikshank, and Daumier and H. B., and Daumier and Hablot Browne. But the fact of the Frenchman's genius is thoroughly apprehended, its qualities are finely differentiated; and if we only transpose the description into a higher key of enthusiasm, we shall find that it renders our own idea of the man and his work with remarkable neatness and fidelity.

But, as we have said, it is but seldom indeed that Thackeray is moved to approval. For the most part he is out of sympathy with his material, and anxious, not so much to describe it, as to be highly moral and intelligent in his remarks upon it. The consequence is that his remarks, however moral, are very often the reverse of intelligent. His critical range, is curiously limited; his observations have mostly a subjective value only—are useful only as so much autobiography. Considered as a contribution to artistic and literary history, his essays are extraordinarily vague and colorless; as studies of method and individuality, they can hardly be said to exist at all. Thus, in 1840, Balzac had produced a great deal of his best work; he was the author of the 'Peau de Chagrin,' of 'Eugénie Grandet,' of 'Le Père Goriot,' of the 'Contes Drolatiques,' of half a score master-pieces besides; but Thackeray, much as he was destined to owe to him and well as he knew him, refers to him only in connexion with the case of the murderer Peytel, and then quite slightly, as in 'Pendennis' he refers to him in connexion with the literary habits of Miss Amory. With Victor Hugo it is even worse. He comes in for comment; but the comment is of the kind which poets do not love, and which such a master as Hugo does not deserve. One of the great English writer's references to the great Frenchman is curiously irreverent:—

'Every piece Victor Hugo has written since "Hernani" has contained a monster, a delightful monster, saved by one virtue. There is Triboulet, a foolish monster; Lucrece Borgia, a maternal monster; Mary Tudor, a religious monster; Monsieur Quasimodo, a hump-backed monster, and others that might be named, whose monstrosities we are induced to pardon—nay admiringly to witness.'

—because they are agreeably mingled with some exquisite display of affection. And, as the great Hugo has one monster to each play, the great Dumas has ordinarily half a dozen, to whom murder is nothing, etc.'

What is noticeable in these remarks is that, while they criticise the moral quality of their subject, they no more take its literary and artistic qualities into account than if these were simply non-existent; that, in other words, they bear indelibly impressed the peculiar stamp of the British Philistine. It is the same with French tragedy, which, 'red-heeled, and patched, be-periwigged, lies in the grave.' It is the same with French drama. The writer has seen 'most of the grand dramas which have been produced at Paris for the last half dozen years'; has seen all Hugo, that is to say, and all Dumas; has seen 'Hernani' and 'Lucrèce Borgia' and 'Ruy Blas,' and 'Antony' and 'Kean,' and 'La Tour de Nesle' and 'Richard Darlington.' And the upshot is that he 'takes leave to be heartily ashamed of the manner in which he has spent his time, and of the hideous kind of mental intoxication in which he has permitted himself to indulge.' There is not a word of the verse or of the prose; not a word of Dorval or of Frédéric; not a word of Samson, or Ligier, or Georges; not a word of the magnificent qualities of imagination, invention, construction, technical skill, originality of method, by the presence of which all these 'grand dramas'—considered both as specimens of literature and as opportunities of acting—were distinguished. The British Philistine has got his pulpit and his text, and he preaches after the manner of his kind. After this, it is not at all surprising to find that Rachel, the greatest artist in tragedy of modern France, is referred to merely as 'the fair Rachel' and 'the fair Jewess'; that, if the author mentions Debureau at all, it is only to match him with Racine and Madame Saqui; and that Frédéric himself (Bocage is never mentioned) is simply described as 'a very clever actor.' It is so obvious that the man's heart is elsewhere; that his imagination is concerned not with art but with a certain sort of nature; that off his own ground he speaks, not as an artist, but merely as a Philistine and a bold and moral Briton; that, while he labors under the impression that he is writing history, he is only producing autobiography, that you end by taking him from his own point of view, and enjoying him thoroughly.

Nowadays the point of view has changed. It is recognized that Hugo is a very great poet; that Berlioz, whose existence Thackeray—a lover of Mozart, and of Arne and Bishop, of 'Vedrai Carino,' and of 'The Red Cross Knight'—does not seem to have suspected, may almost be said to be the founder of modern music; and, to say no more, that Dumas is practically the author of the modern drama.

A Circulating Library for Youth.

[*The Evening Sun.*]

ON the second floor of an old wooden building on Park Row is a room which contains 100,000 paper-covered books and pamphlets. The proprietor of the place began business in this city nine years ago, with a capital of \$7 and 100 books; and he has built up the trade in second-hand books of fiction until it has reached its present generous proportions. The stock is composed mainly of uncopied editions of popular authors. Very few new books are handled. When the books and pamphlets come from the publishers' hands they cost from 10 to 20 cents. When a boy who has bought 'Snake-Eyed Bob, the Bully of the Woods,' for 10 cents has finished reading the book, and kept it in a fair state of preservation, he can take it to the circulating library and sell it for half what he paid for it. By this process the dealer's stock is constantly replenished. These second-hand books are carefully gone over, and all torn pages are patched. The books are then resold at a slight advance on the price the dealer has paid.

The business is at its best in the summer months, because then the theatres are closed, and the boys look for sensational literature, to supply a morbid taste for novelty. Among French authors Fortuné du Boisgobey, who writes detective stories, such as 'The Vitriol Throwers,' is in the largest demand. His books are ground out at the rate of one every month. The bookseller said that his customers were so anxious to see the current number of Du Boisgobey's works, that they could scarcely restrain their impatience. Jules Verne is very largely read, as are also Ouida and Clark Russell. Although Bret Harte's and Mark Twain's books are in demand, they cannot be found on the shelves of the circulating library, for they are protected by copyright. Lever is the most popular of Irish writers.

The percentage of profit in the business is much larger than that of the regular book-trade. The books are bought chiefly by boys and seamen. The reading of sensational novels is not as harmful as is generally supposed, in the opinion of the dealer. He thinks that it is much better for the boys to read novels than to travel

with the gangs. The tendency of sensational novel-reading among the boys, the dealer said, was to lead them to the perusal of a more healthful class of fiction.

Current Criticism

CRINGING LITERARY CRITICISM.—So long as we look merely outside of ourselves for a standard, we are as weak as if we looked merely inside of ourselves—probably weaker; for timidity is weaker than even the arrogance of strength. There is no danger that the foreign judgment will not duly assert itself; the danger is that our own self-estimate will be too apologetic. What with courtesy and good-nature and a lingering of the old colonialism, we are not yet beyond the cringing period in our literary judgment. The obeisance of all good society in London before a successful circus-manager from America was only a shade more humiliating than the reverential attention visible in the American press when Matthew Arnold was kind enough to stand on tiptoe upon our lecture-platform and apply his little measuring-tape to the great shade of Emerson. I should like to see in our literature some of the honest self-assertion shown by Senator Tracy, of Litchfield, Conn., during Washington's administration, in his reply to the British Minister's praises of Mrs. Oliver Wolcott's beauty. 'Your countrywoman,' said the Englishman, 'would be admired at the Court of St. James.' 'Sir,' said Tracy, 'she is admired even on Litchfield Hill.'—*Col. T. W. Higginson, in The Independent.*

STEVENSON'S STYLE.—Quotations from Mr. Stevenson are like the drinking of drams, one leads to another; but I have taken the pledge and will give no more. This essay of his is a slight thing, as befits the book which it adorns [*'The New Amphion'*]. But Stevenson is a writer who seldom pens many lines without a delicious phrase, a quaint turn of thought or some delicacy of style that carries you at once out of the heated air and hurried methods of these Nineteenth Century days. He writes much, but seems never to write with any printer's devil at his elbow—never to do any of that writing against space which Mr. Lowell has said is not less fatal in its results than talking against time. If I have said a good deal about a book which I have called slight, it is because of the share in it of these two writers, Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. I quarrel sometimes with Mr. Lang, but I confess to the fascination of his prose when he is at his best, and I confess I think him at his best when he is in his dressing-gown and slippers. With Mr. Stevenson I have no quarrel, and if more urgent duties would give me time, I should like to write of him oftener than I do. Not for his sake: he needs nobody's praise; but to command him to any young readers whom I may have, as one of the few authors of the moment whom they may read if they care to search for some of those secrets in the handling of words and phrases which make the difference between what is literature and what is not.—*Mr. Smalley, in the Tribune.*

KEATS NOT A SHAKSPEARE.—The present critic, if he were to hazard a conjecture at all in regions so very far beyond the clear survey of human reason, would rather have said that a mind so marked by early and tropical luxuriance as that of Keats, was hardly likely to have yielded the grandest fruits of intellectual strength. The childhood of genius has frequently presented us with a foretaste of its maturer years, a foretaste which has proved to be a better guide to the maturer form of that genius than to the intermediate forms which arise under the magnetism of youth. The child Goethe was in many respects more like the oracular sage who conversed with Eckermann than the youth who wrote the 'Sorrows of Werther' and 'Goetz of Berlichingen.' The child Scott, who kept all his schoolfellows on the stretch to hear the stories he invented, was much more like the great novelist than the young man who translated Bürger's 'Leonora,' and related in verse the romantic legend of his wizard ancestor. And Cardinal Newman has told us how, in his own childhood, there were strange auguries, which in his later years he could hardly understand or even credit, of the close of his career in the great Church of which he is now a prince. But in Keats's childhood, while we have evidence of the most fiery combativeness and the most glowing generosity and chivalry of heart, there appears to be no trace of that largeness of undeveloped power which would anticipate many-sided wisdom and an immense range of human insight.—*The Spectator.*

'THE CRUSADE OF THE EXCELSIOR.'—The earlier chapters provoke curiosity, and set one reading with some eagerness of interest and expectation of the end. This seems a good deal to say in favor of a 'summer novel,' as the Americans call these romances, which have not the stern purpose of a Howells nor the austere ethics of a Tolstoi between their 'twa boards.' In fact, Mr. Bret Harte's

new novel will answer its purpose very well, and provide plenty of holiday entertainment for the readers who approach it with no fell design of criticism. It is written in a style naturally and not forcibly picturesque; there is no attempt to produce a literary effect by odd, strained constructions and square words set to fill round holes. But—there is always a ‘but’—if one is obliged to read ‘The Crusade of the Excelsior’ critically, to pause and weigh and estimate, then it really becomes doubtful whether one is amused. Criticism and critics have no right to exist according to authors who like only untempered adulation. It is certain that the critic brings with him a new element into the book he is reading. The book is written to entertain, and entertainment is apt to vanish, to melt away, when the critical ingredient meets it. Amusement, that volatile essence, disappears. When we come to be critical over ‘The Crusade of the Excelsior,’ we are compelled to suspect it of being too long. Here was material for a capital short story, wherein the fantastic unreality might have escaped notice. But the tale fills two volumes—not very tightly packed—and the fantastic unreality becomes too manifest if examined closely and for some time. In fact (reading deliberately and judicially) we cannot believe in the romance. This may be a subjective fault on the side of the reader. There are persons so incredulous, so sceptical, that they cannot believe in ‘She.’ They are to be pitied, perhaps to be despised, but their limitations of belief do not discredit the real existence of Ayesha.—*The Saturday Review*.

Notes

‘THE MODERN VIKINGS,’ by Prof. Boyesen, a book of Scandinavian and Icelandic tales for children, will be issued by Charles Scribner’s Sons this fall. Prof. Boyesen’s ‘A Daughter of the Philistines’ (‘Eine Tochter der Philister’) first published here anonymously, has been added in a German translation, over the author’s name, to Engelhorn’s Roman-Bibliothek, issued in Stuttgart.

—Miss Louise I. Guiney, of Boston, whose first volume of verses, called ‘Songs at the Start,’ was very favorably received three years ago, will bring out a second through Ticknor & Co., in December.

—Mr. R. L. Stevenson was to have sailed last Monday from London in the Monarch Line steamship Ludgate Hill. It is said to be his intention, if the voyage proves as beneficial to his health as the doctors hope, not to go to Colorado, or at least not to stay there, but to proceed to San Francisco and take steamer for New Zealand, and thence to Japan and China.

—‘She’ has been dramatized by Mr. W. H. Gillette, and is to be produced at Niblo’s Garden—as a spectacular drama, we suppose. A dramatization of the same popular romance has been successfully played in San Francisco.

—Miss Agnata Ramsay, who recently distinguished herself at Cambridge University, has received an engraved likeness of Queen Victoria, inscribed in Her Majesty’s own hand with the legend, ‘Given to Miss Ramsay by Victoria R. and I., 1887.’

—Mr. Whittier has been visiting Mr. Stedman at the poet’s summer home, Kelp Rock, New Castle, N. H.

—An autograph letter from Coleridge, sold recently in London, and addressed to Joseph Cottle, the publisher, in 1814, contains the following: ‘You have no conception of the dreadful hell of my mind and conscience and body. You bid me pray, and I do,’ etc. Again, in May of the same year, he writes: ‘The temptation which I have constantly to fight up against is a fear that if annihilation and the possibility of heaven were offered to my choice, I should choose the former. This is perhaps in part a constitutional idiocy; for when a mere boy I wrote these lines:

O what a wonder seems the fear of death,
Seeing how gladly we all sink to sleep,
Babes, children, youths, and men,
Night following night for threescore years and ten.’

—Mr. Eugene Field, the humorist of the Chicago *Daily News*, has just published through Ticknor & Co. a book called ‘Culture’s Garland: Being Memoranda of the Gradual Rise of Literature, Art, Music and Society in Chicago and Other Western Ganglia.’ It has a preface by Julian Hawthorne.

—Mr. Edgar Fawcett is writing for *The Curio* (a new illustrated monthly to appear September 10th) a serial story of New York in the early part of this century, entitled ‘The Dominick Diamonds.’

—The Yonkers Board of Education has decided to buy a set of *Harper’s Magazine* for school purposes.

—Concerning the sale of a portion of Mr. George W. Smalley’s library, *The Athenaeum* says that ‘a copy of Cicero’s “Cato Major”

translated by Logan, and printed at Philadelphia in 1744 by B. Franklin, who prided himself on the volume as the finest production of his press, fetched \$17.’ This translation was James Logan’s, Penn’s Secretary and Deputy Governor, and founder of the Loganian Library.

—It is to be hoped that the New York Historical Society will not be forced to forfeit the \$100,000 offered by an unknown friend for a new site and building on condition that \$300,000 is subscribed by November 30. Unless this sacrifice is to be made, the friends of the Society should come forward without loss of time.

—A monument to Charles Reade was unveiled in St. Paul’s Cathedral, London, this month. It is a white marble medallion.

—Rev. W. W. Newton’s ‘The Vine out of Egypt,’ a history of the growth and development of the Episcopal Church in America, with an appeal against a change of its name, will be published early in September by Mr. Whittaker.

—The *Century* Company has in press a book of services, entitled ‘Aids to Common Worship,’ by Rev. Richard G. Greene, of Orange, N. J., which will include responsive readings, chants and hymns of praise for each Sunday in the year, and also services for special occasions. A Sunday-school hymn-book, to be published by the Company, is ‘Songs of Worship,’ by Prof. Waldo S. Pratt. This will contain new compositions by American composers, and selections from the works of foreign musicians. A new edition of Dr. Robinson’s church hymn-book will also be issued. An abridged edition, for the chapel and smaller churches, will soon follow.

—Macmillan & Co. have issued the last part of Grove’s valuable ‘Dictionary of Music and Musicians.’

—Daudet’s ‘Tartarin of Tarascon,’ referred to in last week’s Lounger, is issued in English by Geo. Routledge & Sons, who have also just brought out a limited large-paper edition of Mérimée’s ‘Carmen,’ and a new illustrated edition of Planché’s translation of the Countess d’Aulnoy’s Fairy-Tales.

—A new edition (for 1887) of J. B. Lippincott Co.’s ‘Philadelphia and its Environs’ forms an admirable guide to the city between the Schuylkill and the Delaware. It is of convenient size, abundantly illustrated, and provided with a large and clear map.

—The fourth season of opera in German at the Metropolitan Opera House will extend over sixteen weeks, beginning on Wednesday, Nov. 2, and comprising forty-seven subscription nights and sixteen matinees. The management will still be in the hands of the Board of Directors, for whom Mr. Edmund C. Stanton will again act as Secretary and Director of the Opera. The musical direction will rest with Herr Anton Seidl, and Mr. Walter J. Damrosch will be assistant to the Director. The musical organization will be practically the same as last year.

—Signor Campanini’s concert and opera company for the coming season will include Mme. Elvira Repetto-Frisolini, soprano; Mme. Scalchi, contralto; Signor Galassi, baritone; and Signor Campanini himself.

—Mr. Roswell P. Flower has offered to the Metropolitan Museum a painting called ‘The Egg-Gatherer,’ by the Italian artist Glisenti.

—Miss Olive Schreiner, author of ‘The Story of an African Farm,’ will bring out her new novel shortly. She has, it is said, insisted on her publisher adopting the system of a royalty controlled by means of stamps which ‘an acute American’ (Mr. Pearsall Smith?) has been trying to introduce of late.

—Mr. Stevenson’s biographical memoir of Fleeming Jenkin, to be published by the Longmans, will introduce the reader to a selection of Mr. Jenkin’s essays and reviews, arranged by Mr. Sidney Colvin and Prof. Ewing. The first volume will include a play in three acts on the story of Griselda, and essays on Mrs. Siddons as Queen Katharine, ‘Literature and Drama,’ Darwin’s ‘Origin of Species,’ and Lucretius and the atomic theory. The second volume will be divided into three sections—‘Political Economy,’ ‘Technical Education,’ and ‘Applied Science.’

—An interesting etching by Colin Hunter, showing a Banffshire harbor with fishing boats at anchor is the frontispiece of the August *Portfolio*. There is a remarkably good photogravure of the ‘Seacoast near Ostia,’ by the Italian painter Costa, concerning whose work there is a long and enthusiastic article. A rather mechanically executed etching of a ‘Landscape with Cottage,’ by Massé after Nasmyth, is the third extra plate of the number. The articles on Scottish painters are continued, and there is a study of François Boucher by Selwyn Brinton.

—Mr. Alfred Austin's poem 'Prince Lucifer' will be published by Macmillan & Co. in October.

—Miss Sargent's novel 'Jacobi's Wife' is not her latest work. Though it has now appeared as a book for the first time, it was written nearly seven years ago for serial publication.

—A new poem by Friedrich von Bodenstein will soon appear in Germany. It is entitled 'Sakuntala,' and is to be illustrated by Alexander Zick. The veteran author is still engaged upon his Autobiography. Much of the correspondence is from noted English men-of-letters.

—Prof. C. A. Young, of Princeton, cabled to the *Times* from Rjefff, Russia, on the 19th inst., that the sky was so completely overcast with clouds, that no observations of the sun's eclipse could be taken at that, the point of greatest obscuration. 'The extensive preparations which we had made for studying the corona by means of the spectroscope were therefore useless,' he added, 'and we are deprived of the important results expected.'

—An édition de luxe of Randolph Caldecott's picture-books, printed in colors by Edmund Evans from the original blocks, is announced by George Routledge & Sons; also, his 'Last Graphic Pictures,' in uniform style with the two previous volumes of his *Graphic* works.

—There will be a discussion in the Board of Education, this fall, of the resolutions of the Committee on Manual Training, by which it is proposed to spend \$128,500 in introducing technical training into the public schools. The Committee, which is composed of Charles L. Holt, DeWitt J. Seligman, Miss Grace H. Dodge, and William Wood, proposes in substance that kindergarten exercises, such as the construction of simple forms out of wooden splints, wires, thread, pasteboard, clay, etc., shall be introduced into the primary schools; that in the boys' grammar-schools carpentry and joinery shall be taught from the fifth to the first grade; and that in the girls' grammar-schools cooking shall be taught in the second and third grades, and sewing from the eighth to the fourth grades, inclusive. Time for these additional studies is to be made by a reduction in the study of history, geography and arithmetic.

—The Bankside Parallel Edition of Shakspeare, the first volume of which will be issued by the New York Shakspeare Society in October, will employ the unique system of line notation finally

adopted by the Society, and which it believes will be found adapted to all critical purposes in the study of any edition.

—At a recent sale in London, a 'lot' consisting of the following books and MSS. brought \$1,104: 'Essay on Man,' first edition, 1736, with Pope's own corrections and notes; 'The Dunciad,' first edition, with notes and corrections from the first Broglio MS. by Pope himself, Dublin, 1728; another copy, with the corrections copied by Jonathan Richardson, Jr.; 'The Dunciad,' with notes and corrections by Pope, 1736; 'Sappho to Phaon,' translated in autograph manuscript of Pope, 1707; autograph manuscript of the 'Essay on Criticism,' 1709; manuscript of 'Windsor Forest,' wanting a few lines at the end, 1709; 'Essay on Man,' in four epistles, with corrections in Pope's handwriting; manuscript of the 'Epistle on Taste,' altered and corrected in his own hand; 'Ethic Epistles,' I. to III., with his own alterations; Epistle III. to Lord Bathurst, original manuscript, wanting eight lines at the end; Epistle II. in manuscript; and Pope's own transcript of the 'Epistles to Lord Bathurst.'

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Andrews, C. C. <i>Administrative Reform.</i> 10.	D. Appleton & Co.
Barrett, F. <i>His Helpmate.</i> 30c.	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Faulhaber, O. <i>Phosphorus Hollunder.</i> 50c.	Boston: Ticknor & Co.
Field, E. <i>Culture's Garland.</i> 50c.	Macmillan & Co.
Geikie, A. <i>The Teaching of Geography.</i> 50c.	Macmillan & Co.
Grove, G. <i>Dictionary of Music and Musicians.</i> Part 2a. \$1.	Harper & Bros.
Halse, G. <i>Weeping Ferry.</i> 50c.	Cassell & Co.
Hawthorne, J. <i>The Great Bank Robbery.</i> \$1.	D. Appleton & Co.
Heyse, P. <i>The Romance of the Canonees.</i> Tr. by J. M. Percival. 75c.	Cassell & Co.
Kinzie, Mrs. J. H. <i>Mark Logan. The Bourgeois.</i> 50c.	Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
Musick, J. R. <i>Brother against Brother.</i> 50c.	J. S. Ogilvie & Co.
Siller, Frank. <i>Lieder und Sprüche.</i> 50c.	Milwaukee: C. N. Caspar.
Walker, J. <i>Health Lessons.</i> 50c.	D. Appleton & Co.
Winter, Mrs., and Mrs. Boy. <i>The Lost Wedding-Ring.</i> 50c.	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Woolner, T. <i>My Beautiful Lady.</i> Nelly Dale. 10c.	Cassell & Co.

The favorite route from New York to Lake George, the Adirondacks and Montreal, is via the New York Central and Delaware and Hudson Canal Company Rail Roads. The train leaving the Grand Central Depot at 7 P.M., delivers its passengers in Montreal at 6 o'clock the following morning.

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